WHAT THEY READ DURING THE LAST WAR by Burton Rascoe

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Star Staff Photo

RAYMOND MOLEY (right) with the president-elect and John N. Garner, arriving in Washington, November, 1932. "His period of collaboration with Mr. Roosevelt did not come to an end until the summer of 1936" . . . *(See page 5)*

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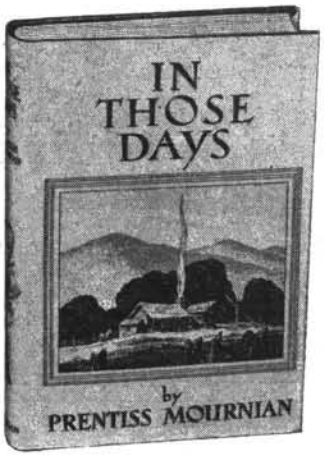

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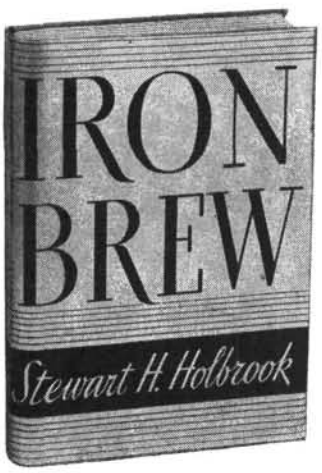

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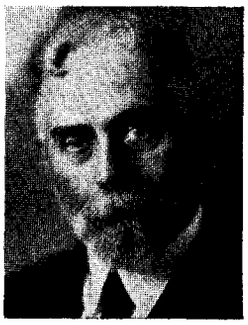
What They Read during the Last War

BY

BURTON RASCOE

John Masefield



Sir Gilbert Parker

Henri Barbusse

Romain Rolland

IN 1914 there was tension in Europe for exactly one month before declarations of war began to go off like an ignited package of firecrackers. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in Sarajevo on June 28. On July 28 Austria ended the tension by declaring war on Serbia. The Sunday (August 2) between that overt act, initiating hostilities, and Great Britain's declaration of war (with an *après moi le déluge*), *The New York Times Book Review,* under the editorship of Dr. Clifford Smyth, carried as its first page leader a minute and tedious examination of A. Clutton-Brock's voluminous and slipshod biography of William Morris; and Dr. Smyth's leading editorial was, apropos of a reprint of Matthew Arnold's essays, an ostentatious smacking of the lips after a taste of the old port of Victorian criticism.

There was something sweetly innocent about those so remote concerns of the editor of the most influential organ of book distribution in America, something remote from the counting room as well as from imminent war; for the publishers were not advertising William Morris or Matthew Arnold in Dr. Smyth's pages; they were advertising Gene Stratton-Porter, Harold Bell Wright, George Barr McCutcheon, Mary Johnston, Margaret Deland, Margaret Widdemer, Mary Austin, James Oliver Curwood, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Joseph C. Lincoln, William McFee, Kathleen Norris, Zona Gale, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Dorothy Canfield, Theodore Dreiser, William McFee, Sinclair Lewis, and Booth Tarkington. Dr. Smyth's concern with Matthew Arnold at a time when Europe was having convulsions reminds one of Monsieur Sariette's reading "De Rerum Natura" by Lucretius in the tumbril en route to the guillotine in Anatole France's "La Révolte des Anges." The difference is that whereas Monsieur Sariette was aware of his incipient demise and of the crack-up of the orderly world he had known, and whereas he was finding justification for current happenings in the studies of human behavior made by the Greek precursor of Pavlov, Dr. Smyth, Mr. Le Gallienne, and Mr. Clutton-Block were somewhat belligerently alive but taking interest in Morris and Arnold only because these were celebrated British writers of the Victorian era who were dead. They even thought of Morris as a sort of pre-Raphaelite Roycrofter who had given Elbert Hubbard a design for an ugly chair,—not perceiving that Morris was an important social revolutionary thinker.

Dr. Smyth, however, was only a commander in the journalistic division of the literary and intellectual G.A.R., composed as it was of such men of worth, dignity, and might as William Dean Howells, Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, W. C. Brownell, Richard Watson Gilder, Henry Mills Alden, and William Lyon Phelps. They were still fighting battles that had been over, intellectually speaking, for a decade or more. They were the proponents of Sweetness and Light and on their banners were inscribed "The Golden Mean" and "Decorum." But hoodlums had breached the gates: Samuel Butler, Henrik Ibsen, George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Synge, H. G. Wells, George Moore, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and a whole bunch of their pipsqueak disciples, D. H. Lawrence, J. C. Snaith, Oliver Onions, Hugh Walpole, J. D. Beresford, W. L. George, and some raggledy-taggledy Irishmen. What was especially disconcerting was that out in Chicago Harriet Monroe, aided and abetted by W. B. Yeats, was running a little monthly called *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in which she deliberately fostered this Imagist nonsense, this free-verse claptrap, and this coarse and raucous stuff of Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg; William Marion Reedy in St. Louis was putting out a sheet (when he could pay the printer) in which he was publishing indecorous and subversive stuff, including some disreputable doggerel called "Spoon River Anthology" which a lot of people were reading and commenting upon; an Irishman named Francis Hackett had started a literary page in the *Chicago Evening Post* in which he and his reviewers not only encouraged riff-raff like George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and Theodore Dreiser but praised novels by European foreigners who wrote about the sort of people you wouldn't like to have around; and there was a crop of critics with alien-sounding names such as James G. Huneker, H. L. Mencken, Ludwig Lewisohn, Van Wyck Brooks, J. E. Spingarn, and Randolph Bourne who were catching the ears of susceptible youngsters. There was even heresy and defection in the ranks: the promising youngish torch-bearer, William Lyon Phelps, who had wangled himself a sort of bastard professorship at Yale and had made himself very generally admired and liked by his pupils as a man who could make literature sound as though it were something worth looking into, had published a book called "Essays on Russian Novelists" in which he praised the literary work of the sort of people who grow beards and throw bombs. Not even Howells was blameless; for had he not complicated matters by reading Constance Garnett's translations of Turgeniev, Chekov, and Dostoievsky and, by

Next Week

MODERN MAN IN THE MAKING
By OTTO NEURATH
Reviewed by Charles A. Beard

REJECTED GUEST
By RICHARD ALDINGTON
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

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praising them, let in a flood of other Russians, Gorki, Gogol, Sologub, Artzibashev, Andreiev, etc.?

In August 1914 American literature was getting to be a big boy now, much too old to suckle at Victoria's breast; but that the guardians of our minds and morals and arbiters of our taste were not aware of this made the work of Sir Gilbert Parker much more hopeful and much less difficult when he and his nine (later increased to fifty-four) subordinates met in Wellington House, a former insurance office in London, one morning in early September, and began to formulate their secret plans for a campaign of propaganda to bring the United States into the war on the side of the Allies.

The full story of the successful efforts of Sir Gilbert Parker and his aides is told in fascinating, minutely documented detail by Professor H. C. Peterson in "Propaganda for War: The Campaign against American Neutrality, 1914-1918"; but it is necessary to draw upon it here in order to tell the story of what Americans read during the World War. Charles Masterman had been authorized by the British Foreign Office to form a War Propaganda Bureau and he, in turn, had deputed Eric Maclagan in charge of propaganda for France; William Archer in charge of the department for the Scandinavian countries; and Sir Gilbert Parker in charge of propaganda for the United States. Sir Gilbert had as assistants Professor Macneile Dixon of Glasgow University and A. J. Toynbee of Balliol College. They had an appropriation of over a million and a quarter dollars the first year, an amount increased to four million a year by 1917. With this money they subsidized lecture bureaus and publishers and enlisted the services of a vast number of distinguished writers in this country as well as in England. Those whom Professor Peterson names as having written for Wellington House include William Archer, James Bryce, G. K. Chesterton, Conan Doyle, Sir Edward Cook, J. W. Headlam, Cardinal Mercier, E. J. Trevelyan, A. Maurice Low, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Alfred Noyes, and Hilaire Belloc; Sir Edward Grey and the propaganda bureau sent over as lecturers and "visitors" James M. Barrie, A. E. W. Mason, John Masefield, John Galsworthy, Coningsby Dawson, Ian Hay, "Sapper" (Col. Swinton), Robert Nichols, St. John Ervine, Sir William Wiseman, Capt. Guy Gaunt, and a whole string of lesser lights.

Although the activities of Wellington House, through its luxurious hospitality to distinguished American writers whom they entertained and took on visits to the front, through its contacts with Americans of all degrees by author-lecturers, and through the ingratiating correspondence carried on by Wellington House writers with the 250,000 American names Sir Gilbert Parker and his aides culled from "Who's Who in America," and through all the other subtle appeals to American emotions and direct appeals to American passions (with the atrocity stories embodied in the Bryce report), were to have their ultimate effect, the book business in America was, for a considerable time, unaffected by the war. Writers for Wellington House turned them out fast enough—books by Chesterton, Belloc, Archer, and anonymous "famous scientists" proving that all Germans were degenerates, brutes, baby-killers, and anti-Christs—but few Americans read them; the masses read the newspapers and Gene Stratton-Porter.

The summer of 1914 found America in the second year of a serious depression and the book business in the doldrums, aggravated by the chaos following R. H. Macy's successful court fight against price-fixing, the dissolution of the American Publishers' Association, and *Munsey's Magazine's* advertising that it would offer a full-length novel in every issue.

The first books to glut the market in America were not profitable to the booksellers and were profitable only in a limited way to the book publishers who acted as distributing agents. One of these books was seized upon by Wellington House as being right up its alley, designed to increase the war fever at home and to infect Americans with the notions that the Germans were ruthless, blood-thirsty Huns, dominated by military rulers who had only one aim in life—to subject the whole civilized world to their tyranny. William Archer had compiled a book called "Out of Their Own Mouths," made up of excerpts, isolated from their context, from the writings of Nietzsche, Clausewitz, Fichte, Hegel, and anonymous sensation-mongers, and Wellington House distributed this widely. But the chief effect of this book was to establish in many ill-educated British and American editorial minds that there was a great ogre called Nietzsche (or Nitchie or Nitzsche, as the philosopher's name was frequently misspelled) who dominated the Kaiser, told him he was a Superman, and told him to go out and be The Blond Beast, wrecking a Christian world to enhance the manifest glory of the Germans. This laying of responsibility for the war upon poor Nietzsche, dead those many years and, while alive, the most thorough-going contemner of Prussia, Prussianism, Germans, and Germanism the empire had ever known, had one bad cultural effect. Dr. Oscar Levy since 1907 had been editing the works of Nietzsche and supervising the translations in a complete and authoritative edition in English, published by Foulis in Edinburgh and London and by Macmillan in New York. The British impounded Dr. Levy's notes, papers, and texts; work on the English edition of Nietzsche had to be suspended; and the publishers cautiously withdrew the books from sale.

But Wellington House had come upon a book that had had a total sale of less than six thousand copies in Germany. It was the paranoiac General Friedrich von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War." According to Bernhardi, who attacked the moderate policies of the Kaiser and Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Germany's aim should be to acquire supremacy over Europe and the Mediterranean, de-

(*Continued on page* 13)

Second Growth

BY CHARLES MALAM

MAN came this way before. This second growth
Halts at the wheel ruts as if land were loath
Entirely to go wild again and pass
Or yet surrender wholly to the grass.
Somewhere among the saplings you will find
The irrefutable signature of mind;
A stone square cut, and later lichen bossed;
The rotting runner of a bobsled lost
Under the leaves to make the ants a feast
Like the gnawed thighbone of an ancient beast;
Or hidden close, awaiting time's slow fire,
A broken wheel hub and a rusting tire.

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Working for the President

AFTER SEVEN YEARS. By Raymond Moley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 446 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST K. LINDLEY

WITH added material and minor alterations, Raymond Moley's recent articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* now appear as a book which is, in several respects, the most important that has been written about Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal.

Moley's status as "No 1 man" in the original Roosevelt "brains trust" during 1932 and 1933 was well known to the public, although a detailed account of his work in that capacity is now presented for the first time. Only a few people knew how important an adviser to the President he continued to be after he gave up public office to become editor of *Today* in September, 1933. His period of collaboration with Mr. Roosevelt did not come to an end until the summer of 1936.

As to many of the most significant events during more than four years, Moley is the preëminently qualified witness. As to some of them he is, since the death of Louis Howe, the only living witness. As to others he is the only witness except the President. No one has had a better opportunity to observe Roosevelt, the Presidential candidate and the President, at close range. Moley's equipment as an observer is unusual. He has an attentive eye for interesting detail as well as fine analytical ability, a broad background of knowledge, and a high regard for facts. Moreover, he can write—simply, vigorously, but, where it serves, with subtle shading. These qualities, which made him extremely valuable to Roosevelt, now make him extremely valuable as a reporter on Roosevelt and the New Deal. Moley's trustworthiness as a witness is buttressed by his care in preserving documentary material and in keeping a journal during most of his years of work with Roosevelt.

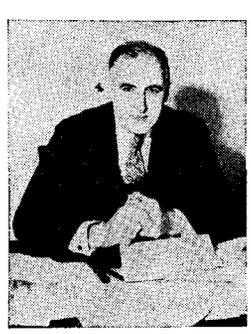
Finally, Moley is free—or relatively free—to write what he knows. For writing this book he is being severely criticized by many in the Roosevelt Administration. Moley expected this criticism. In his Foreword he says:

> This book was not hastily written, nor was its publication decided upon without a full consideration of all the factors involved. . . . To publish it at some later date would, it seemed to me, lessen its modest value as a commentary upon contemporary problems and decisions. An obligation to give to the public that which belongs to the public rests upon anyone who is privileged to participate in public affairs.

Others have written about many of the events with which Moley deals. Either under their own names or through friendly newspapermen and magazine writers, several important figures in the Roosevelt Administration have seen that their versions of controversial matters were put into print. I see no reason why Moley should remain silent when others who still hold a supposedly confidential relationship to the President are not. Even the President has published his collected papers through 1936, with prefaces and explanatory notes.

Moley's book is crammed with "inside" stuff. He lashes out now and then at various of his contemporaries in the New Deal. Concerning some of them he is brutally frank, but not, in my opinion, unfair. Others are left as incomplete characters. Although he can be coldly objective, Moley is the kind of man who stands by his friends and is willing to let the world know whom he dislikes. You see that he likes Ben Cohen but has come to dislike Corcoran (whom he introduced into the White House circle), that he likes Tugwell but became irked with Berle, that he was wounded by what he felt to be the ingratitude of William C. Bullitt and the late Robert Worth Bingham. He portrays relentlessly the fierce jealousy between Louis Howe and Sam Rosenman, although he does not do full justice to the abilities of either Howe or Rosenman.

Moley's picture of Roosevelt—built up bit by bit throughout the book—is, however, a masterpiece. It will infuriate many of Roosevelt's more distant admirers, and its candor will shock many of Roosevelt's loyal lieutenants in Washington. (I have heard several of them express their anger.) It will never satisfy those who think that portraits of Presidents (at least Presidents of their own party) should be painted only in the romantic style. But it is Roosevelt as those who work with him day by day know him.



Brown Bros.

Raymond Moley

Through Moley we see Roosevelt deftly sucking the brains of those around him, raging over a speech by Herbert Hoover, calmly instructing Moley to harmonize in one speech two irreconcilable views on the tariff, chortling over the dismay his "soak the rich" tax program will cause Senator Pat Harrison. We see Roosevelt, with his "Dutch up," brushing aside unwelcome advice. We see him opening his mind to neat schemes, bordering on the "crackpot." (Moley calls this the "Colonel Sellers streak" in him.) We see him superbly poised after the attempt on his life in Miami. We see him fidgeting and smoking while outside his door waits a man he is supposed to fire—and see him, unable to face the ordeal, finally sending word to Louis Howe to do the job.

The Roosevelt that comes out of this book is a man of extraordinary abilities, but nevertheless a man, with a reasonable quota of weaknesses and peculiarities.

Moley writes with unique authority on the formation of the "brains trust" and its work, on the selection of several of the cabinet members, on the drafting of the Securities Act and Securities and Exchange Act and several other basic New Deal reforms. His account of the meetings between Roosevelt and Hoover in the winter of 1932-33 is exciting history.

Moley also deals fully with the events leading up the World Economic Conference of 1933 and with his own humiliating experience in London. There he was the victim of a five-layered irony. He had urged, with only partial success, that the conference be postponed and that its agenda be revised to play down the traditional internationalist ideas, including restoration of the gold standard. As the time for the Conference he had warned, over the radio and in print, that not much should be expected of it. He had had serious misgivings about going and asked Roosevelt to let him off. When he got there he was entirely satisfied that the exchange "steadying" agreement he approved did not conflict with Roosevelt's objections to stabilization. Finally, and most ironically, the message with which Roosevelt rejected this agreement was based on a memorandum which Moley had prepared.

On the narrow, now unimportant, issue, both Moley and Roosevelt may have been right—Moley right as to the literal meaning of the agreement, Roosevelt right as to its probably depressing effect on American commodity and stock prices.

Moley is consistent, penetrating, and often devastating in exposing two of the main conflicts over policy in the Roosevelt Administration: (1) between the internationalist economics of Hull and the national approach to recovery for which Roosevelt and the original "brains trust" stood in 1932, and (2) between the advocates of neutrality in foreign quarrels outside the Western

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Hemisphere and the advocates of intervention in Europe and the Orient.

Moley also brings out in high relief the conflict between the advocates of "concentration and control" and the advocates of "enforced atomization" in dealing with American business. Like the other leading members of the original "brains trust," Moley belongs to the former school. In fitting specific policies to this framework, however, Moley often is illogical. Often his attitudes toward later developments in the Roosevelt Administration seem incompatible with his views in 1932-34. At times he adopts the stereotyped criticisms of the irreconcilable opposition. Yet these views are honestly held and, because they are, they deserve a place in a supremely candid book.

Ernest K. Lindley, well-known Washington correspondent, is the author of "The Roosevelt Revolution" and "Half Way With Roosevelt."

Life in the Balance

ESCAPE. By Ethel Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 428 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

ANOTHER novel of Nazi Germany! Yes, but this is a novel which wears its rue with a difference, first and foremost a rattling good story, packed with excitement, suspense, and tension, with humor to lighten the grimness of its enshrouding circumstances, dispassionate despite its acridity, and with characters that are vivid, vivacious, and convincing. Miss Vance, whoever she may be, and for all her publishers say may be a man under her pseudonym, quite obviously knows her present-day Germany, quite evidently loathes its tyranny and cruelty, and equally plainly has enough detachment to get perspective upon it. Her narrative is quick-paced for all its length, shot through with thrilling incident, and losing nothing in intensity from subordinating the grim facts which give it significance to the exigencies of fiction.

To recount the plot at any length would be unfair to the book. It revolves about a once famous German actress, who has lived for years in the United States but on her return to her native land to effect the sale of some property has been arrested and sentenced to death for subversive activities. An operation forces her into a prison hospital where she is nursed back to health and the prospect of death by a young German physician. He, as it happens, has worshipped her from afar ever since as a boy he first saw her picture. The long story is an account of her escape from the hospital through his connivance and the efforts of her son, who has come from America to seek her. Eventually her path crosses that of an erstwhile American, now a German countess with whom the son falls briefly in love. The story moves along to this point and to its further denouement with ingenious happening and unflagging spirit, tempering the melodrama of some of its episodes with the thoughtfulness of its comment and the subtlety of its psychological analysis.

What lends peculiar interest to Miss Vance's tale is the justness of mind which sees a variety of characters, conduct, and feeling coexistent in Nazi Germany, instead of seeing all Germans as compliant. The Germans who play a prominent part in it, the young physician, the Countess, the old family retainer, the General with whom the Countess is carrying on an affair behind the backs of the young English, French, and American girls who make their home with her, all of them represent different groups of society and divergent backgrounds, and all of them reflect disparate points of view. Most of them, even while they in great part accept the ideas and ideals of the Fuehrer, still retain a fundamental decency, are revolted by the excesses of Nazi policy, and balk at making themselves parties to it. By her very moderation Miss Vance has thrown into high relief the monstrosity of the Nazi regime. By the deftness of her tale she should win new readers in a field in which the public has supped on so many horrors as to feel an initial reluctance to know more of them.

Good Earth in Iowa

THREE MILES SQUARE. By Paul Corey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 448 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

PAUL COREY'S first full-length novel is a quiet description of a way of life, rich in detail, sturdy in outlook. It deals with the simple profundities of human existance as they are enacted against the background of the beautiful Iowa country. The checkered loveliness of its green and yellow pattern, sweeping exuberantly over hills or lying tidily between rivers, provides a setting of variety and delight for the drama of sober struggle that Mr. Corey wishes to present.

"Three Miles Square" is given a special quality of subdued intensity by the fact that it begins with the funeral of the conscientious farmer who has died of pneumonia at the moment in 1910 when agricultural problems were acute. With land prices low, the widow Mantz is obliged to decide whether to sell her property at a loss or struggle on alone with a family of children to rear. The eldest of her boys is only half-grown, the youngest, an infant. A superior energy of mind, supported by the lonely stubbornness of the boy, Andrew, prompts her to keep the land and wrestle doggedly with all its storms and disasters.

The widow Mantz possesses her own technique of persistence. When a malevolent neighbor schemes to let her grain rot in the stacks by bribing away the threshing crew she had hired, she and Andrew find a way out of the emergency. When her property is threatened by a river-straightening project, she fights the venal officials who have chosen her as an easy victim, and she wins. Of such small dramas which are nonetheless of immense local significance, Mr. Corey makes the pattern of his story.

All the incidents of farm routine are touched upon with intimate familiarity—all the ploughing and reaping, the breeding, laboring, and bringing forth of new life. Mr. Corey even lays firm, unexcited hands on the brutal happenings. An enormously effective and meaningful scene is one in which a boy shocks his younger brother and even more deeply shakes his own self-esteem by a gesture of meaningless savagery. There is also a quiet, pervasive undertone of comedy, as Mr. Corey watches the way in which human beings restlessly love, betray, and make curious restitution for their betrayals.

Paul Corey

The manner of the writing has none of that nervous brilliance which we have come to expect of young writers whose theme is struggle and exploitation. Mr. Corey seems never to gesticulate or raise his voice. He is compassionate, gifted in insight, and well equipped with detailed knowledge of his scene.

James Gray is literary editor of the St. Paul Dispatch.

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Henry's Second Wife

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN. By Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 477 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

AFTER achieving considerable popular success with the biographies of two sixteenth-century monarchs, and spending enough time in research in that field to equip half a dozen doctoral candidates, Mr. Francis Hackett has written his biography of Henry VIII's second wife as a novel, explaining (1) that he fears to become "researchful," (2) that he hopes to avoid the brickbats of the jealous specialists and their disciples, and (3) that he wishes to escape being bound to follow state papers and official points of view.

The explanation affords an opportunity for several delicate thrusts and a couple of swingeing blows at the specialists, who, the author believes, have mishandled him in the past, but it seems a little less than ingenuous. If there were any danger of Mr. Hackett's becoming "researchful," of his being unduly hampered by his load of facts, it should have happened long ago, but his imagination is as fresh and vigorous as ever, his verve and pictorial skill are unimpaired. And, in point of fact, he must have put as much extra work into his "Anne Boleyn" as most specialists do when they bring out a new book in a familiar field. Nor can he be as afraid of the "union" of professional historians as he pretends. He must know it's not by dodging into the fiction shelves that he will avoid being told he has mistaken the identity of one of his minor actors and the nationality of one of his major ones, misdated this document and misread that epithet, for reviewers notoriously seize every excuse to parade their learning thus, however sure they are that such accidents may and do befall anyone, and have little to do with what a book is worth. And he must know that whatever his book is worth, it is worth it as history.

Perhaps somewhere in the story of the gay lady-in-waiting for whom Henry VIII broke with Rome and upset the order of a thousand years, for whom he divorced his wife and defied the public opinon of Europe, for whom, he said, he would beg from door to door rather than forsake her, and whom, a year later, he had beheaded for adultery, there lies the substance of a great tragic novel, but it is not sought for in this book. The novelist, like the poet, must be interested primarily in general humanity, in whatever it is in the deeds and emotions of unusual people which links them to everybody else. The historian, on the other hand, seeks only to explain how and why particular people behaved in particular circumstances; he does not have to convince the reader that such things happened—that is given—and he may use the reader's acceptance of common human emotions as current counters without reminting them afresh. In other words, if he can show how strange events were compounded of familiar elements, he does not have to make you feel the strangeness in familiar things. This study of Anne Boleyn, even in its most purely imaginative parts, Anne's life away from court, her romance with the poet Thomas Wyatt, is written with the historian's bias. Its author has an idea of Anne Boleyn's character which is plausible, ingenious, painstakingly built up out of a multitude of hints in the sources, cunningly fitted to all, or almost all, of the known facts, but which he cannot quite prove. By presenting it as fiction, he succeeds in the historian's task of persuading the reader that Anne Boleyn may well have been such a woman as he imagines. But in his success he forgets the novelist's task of convincing us that such a woman, for her own sake, and aside from the great events which happened to hang upon her story, was interesting and important. Not many people would read this as a novel if the names of the characters were not Henry VIII, Francis I, Cardinal Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, but as first-rate popular history with romantic trimmings, intelligently imagined and skillfully written, it should find the wide public it aims at and deserves. In its own kind there is only one telling of Anne Boleyn's story which anyone is likely to prefer to it, that in the relevant hundred and fifty pages of "Henry the Eighth" by Francis Hackett.

From the jacket of "Queen Anne Boleyn"

O'Hara Short Stories

FILES ON PARADE. By John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

DEAR Mr. O'Hara: Please don't write any more novels. You've had your *succès de scandale* in that form and from what the booksellers say, you must have done pretty well financially out of it. But if you remember, the critics said you were only promising in "Appointment in Samarra," they were dubious about "Butterfield-8," and when you brought out "Hope of Heaven" they were quite sure another good man had gone wrong. Maybe they were right, as far as the novel is concerned. You have a tendency to see characters monolithically, to find the whole of a personality expressed in a single action or series of actions. When you try to write a novel, about the only device open to you is to repeat those expressive actions in different forms.

But you ought to recognize, Mr. O'Hara, if you haven't already, that this is one of the most precious assets a short-story writer can have. No one, with the possible exception of Ring Lardner and Ernest Hemingway, has so well succeeded in summing up a lifetime in an instant, within the narrow frame of the classical unities. And you have assets denied both to Lardner and Hemingway. You have enough confidence in your ability to tell a story that will be interesting in its own right so that you don't feel you have to prop it up with subsidiary touches of humor; and thus you manage to escape the faint atmosphere of caricature that hangs around Lardner. Because you are not specially concerned with it, you have caught the rhythms of common speech even better than he. You have enough confidence in unadorned English prose to avoid the stylized mannerisms of Hemingway. Long after he and Lardner will have to be furnished with footnotes so their archaic expressions can be understood, your stories will remain as simple, direct, and readable as they are today.

Some of them will doubtless be gone by that time; anecdotes lose their point as they get repeated and prospective readers recognize the end of the story from its beginning. But the bulk of the stories in this book should last a long time. As long as you can write more of the same, you will find magazines willing to buy them; and if you're bothered by the critics, just stick this volume under their noses and let them read "Price's Always Open" or "Lunch Tuesday." They will be dumb.

FLETCHER PRATT.

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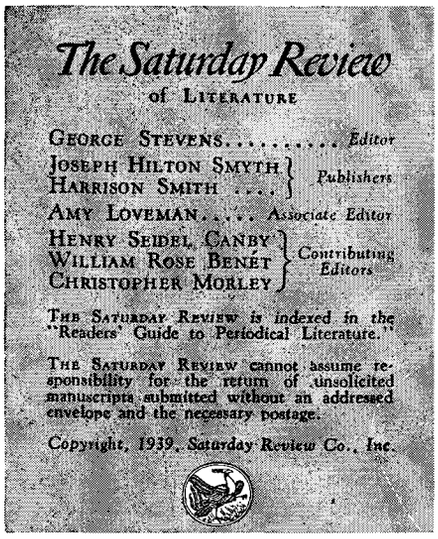
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The Legacy of Henry George

THIS year of the world's disgrace 1939 is the hundreth anniversary of the birth of Henry George, philosopher of the Single Tax and author of "Progress and Poverty." With a war-engendered Statism triumphant over much of the earth's surface, it is a melancholy moment to salute a great individualist and philosopher of freedom; and Mr. Albert Jay Nock, who has chosen to fire a centennial gun in the form of "Henry George: An Essay,"* makes the most of the lugubrious circumstances. Again and again he uses the Georgeian philosophy of economic freedom for the producing interests as a club to belabor everything that has happened since 1900, whether it is the growth of socialism and communism, the development of bureaucracy in Britain, the advent of fascism on the European continent, or the coming of the New Deal to America. As is invariably the case with Albert Jay Nock, he mixes three parts wisdom with one part nonsense and sets forth the combination in a pointed, shining prose style that many of us would give our eye-teeth to possess.

The thing which distinguishes Albert Jay Nock from us more vulnerable or uncertain mortals is that he always knows what he thinks and why he thinks it: he is never bothered by the paradoxes that trap more broody folk, and apparently he has never felt compelled by circumstances to accept a half-loaf or a lesser evil. His political economy admits no shadowy areas, no indeterminate tints or tones. With Mr. Nock as with Henry George, every economic problem—the labor problem, the high cost of living—goes back to one thing: the land monopoly which permits a few private persons to appropriate the surplus known as economic rent for themselves. Having seized upon an undeniable truth, Albert Jay Nock considers his duty done: with a lordly gesture he waves aside all the political problems that have been created by twenty centuries of daily violation of economic law. And the poor bewildered reader is left gasping, "Yes, Mr. Nock, you're quite right. But so what? You tell us that the world's a sorry shambles because evil prescriptive right has become part of the law of various lands. But then you turn around and say, 'Politics is hopeless. Nothing was ever gained by political action.' All of which amounts to saying: "The crooks have grabbed everything by their original political act of erecting a State police-power to insure their collection of economic rent. But any political action which you, my dear Milquetoast, undertake to alleviate or change the situation is foredoomed; so suffer and be damned.'"

Personally, we have never been able to find a fallacy in the economic argument of "Progress and Poverty." It seems perfectly obvious that land (including mining property, sub-surface riches, etc.) on the margin of exploitation will not be generally used unless it brings a "worthwhile" (in Hilaire Belloc's phrase) to labor and a "worthwhile" to capital (say, five or six per cent on the investment of capital goods). It seems equally obvious that rich lands (or mining property) will tend to rent for the amount of the surplus that can be made over and above the "worthwhiles" which labor and capital must have if they are to work at all. Indeed, these axiomatic propositions go back beyond Henry George to older economists. But though economic rent is sheer velvet presented by nature to those who are, in land-deed phraseology, "well-seized" of their premises, it does not follow that the Single Tax (or the appropriation of all economic rent by the community) could be instituted in this day and age without a major catastrophe. Let us admit that the first land-monopolizers were pirates. Since the day of original preëmption, however, thousands of people who have made their money in a way that both Mr. Nock and Henry George would admit is honest, by labor and the creation of capital goods, have invested in land, mostly by the indirection of savings bank accounts or insurance policies which rest on mortgages. What were originally the ill-gotten proceeds from private monopolizing of nature's bounty have long since been funded and merged into the structure of our economy in such a way that crooks who have switched their holdings from land to industrial stocks and bonds would benefit greatly by the Single Tax, while honest men who have traded the proceeds of industry for securities whose yield is based on economic rent would be penalized. Mr. Nock would doubtless say that fools should not be sheltered from the consequences of their folly. But that is not the answer of the social realist.

Ricardo's Law of Rent was familiar to us long before we picked up Mr. Nock's little centennial essay on Henry George. And so we were grievously disappointed in Mr. Nock's failure to explain, even by implication, just what could be done in this day and age to make the earth available to 10,000,000 unemployed and expropriated citizens of the United States. Mr. Nock is forever stressing the distinction between "Social Power" (the power of the individual to create wealth by the application of labor and capital to the earth's crust) and "State Power" (the power to seize and redistribute the usufruct of an individual's toil by way of taxes, tariffs, bounties, etc.). But Mr. Nock always stops at that point. Heaven knows that Mr. Nock's distinction between Social Power and State Power is plausible enough on the surface, and even part way under the surface. But here Mr. Nock (like his fellow-traveler Isabel Paterson) is seduced by his love for the sweeping generality. Empirical investigation discloses at least two different kinds of State Power, one good, one bad. The State Power that creates a permanent vested-interest class of government bureaucrats or dole-receivers is of an entirely different order from the State Power, say, of little Denmark or of pre-Hitler Czechoslovakia. Instead of creating WPA machines that hanker for a status of perpetuity, those countries undertook to make land available to submerged citizens on favorable terms that suspended or bypassed the inexorable grinding of the Law of Rent. If Mr. Nock's theories were wholly correct, Denmark should be a prime example today of both poverty and bureaucratic tyranny. It seems to be a fact, however, that Denmark has few poverty-stricken people and a most democratic government. One little book, "Democracy in Denmark," by Josephine Goldmark and A. H. Hollman (published by the National Library Foundation of Washington, D. C.), is, provided it is accurate, enough to blow all of Mr. Nock's grand generalities about State Power and political action sky-high. If Mr. Nock can refute the facts of

*HENRY GEORGE: AN ESSAY. By Albert Jay Nock. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1939. 224 pp. $2.50.

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"Democracy in Denmark," then we will stand converted to his whole philosophy, lock, stock, and barrel. But until that day we stand outside his orbit, a partially unregenerate heathen.

Nevertheless, people like Mr. Nock should be encouraged. His distinction between Social Power and State Power, if taken in conjunction with a little research into the aims and ends of different kinds of State Power, should result in something we all need, a fruitful criticism of the New Deal that is based on something more respectable than the grudges of the I Hate Roosevelt Club. State Power, to us, is wholly justified when it is used to spread the base of individual Social Power. Mr. Nock, who doesn't believe in paradoxes, will snort when he reads such a statement. Well, we can ignore the snort and accept the more valid Nock, for his book on Henry George, like his "Our Enemy the State," has a value which the author doesn't realize is there. Applying our own modification of Mr. Nock's key distinction, we have in our possession a critical winnowing machine with which to separate the good grain from the chaff in State activity. State activity that results in making the land available to a wider range of individuals who are willing to produce thereafter under their own steam is good; State activity that merely takes the produce of labor (or of capital goods, which are, so to speak, funded labor) away from producers and passes it on to loafers is either stop-gap statesmanship or bad statesmanship. Using our critical winnowing machine on the New Deal, projects such as Rural Resettlement or anti-monopoly legislation get a plus marking, while doles and Relief must be graded as stop-gap statesmanship, and therefore to be marked minus from the long-term point of view. All of which is not to say that Relief is unnecessary: the point to be made here is that statecraft, which must accept Relief now, should be devoted to making it unnecessary in the foreseeable future.

Mr. Nock has the reputation of being too urbane to bother with criticism of himself. But, for our own enlightenment, we wish he would come off his very handsome high horse for once. We wish he would look into those countries—chiefly to be found in Scandinavia—where State Power has been used correctly, to increase Social Power. Then we might have something really worthwhile from a writer whose succinct and elegant English style ought not to be wasted on the desert air.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Letters to the Editor

Man's Humanities

SIR:—I was greatly interested in Mr. Edman's article in the Sept. 2 *S. R. L.*, and feel like adding my bit of corroborative testimony. In teaching the History of Civilization to undergraduates and extension classes in a Teachers' College, I have been accustomed to ask my students to read at least one drama of each of the three great Greek tragedians, of course in translation. And I have been astonished and pleased to find that they seem to enjoy this the most of any part of their work. In many cases they have gone on to the reading of the other dramas, and their questions and discussions have shown intelligent interest as well as enjoyment.

SUSANNA A. MATTESON.

Providence, R. I.

"The Tragic Comedians"

SIR:—I wonder if you or any of your readers could inform me who the originals of the characters Clotilde von Rudiger, Sigismund Alvan, and the Baroness von Crefeld in George Meredith's "The Tragic Comedians" are, as, I judge from the author's preface, these characters are actually taken from history.

JOSEPH YOUNG.

775 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Say It in English

SIR:—Cannot the writers for *The Saturday Review* find adequate English terms for such French phrases as "tour de force," etc.? In your issue of September 9, Dorothy Thompson's new book is referred to as "a major tour de force." Again, a new novel by Dorothy Hewlett is declared a "tour de force" by the reviewer. Then, another reviewer speaks of the "raison d'être" of a book by George R. Stewart. Heading a department, or two-page article, we find the heading "Romans à Clef." Now, I ask you, cannot your writers find English words—good, set terms—for their articles, or, at least classical Latin, and not a foreign, contemporary language. Can you imagine a French magazine using American terms in the same manner?

B. S. FIRESTONE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

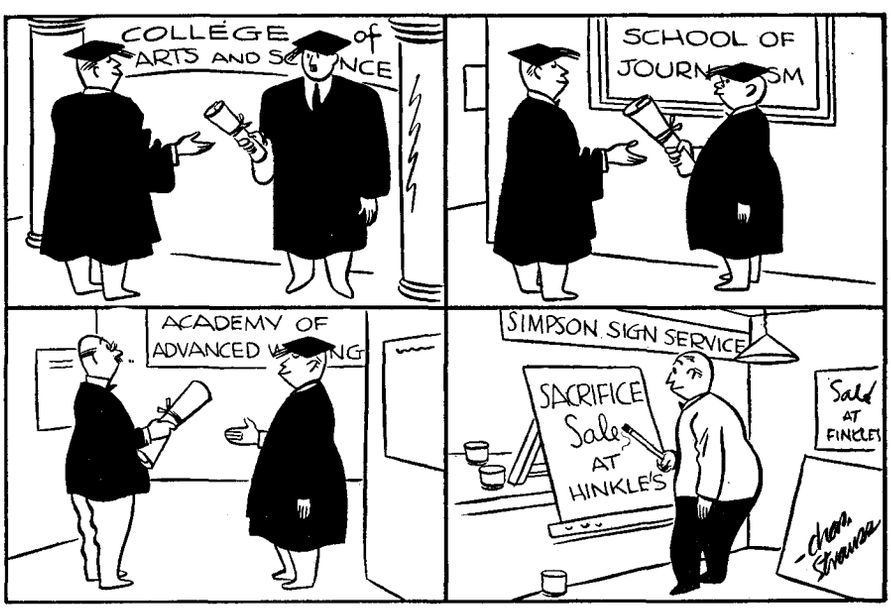
(No precise English equivalents exist for "tour de force" and "roman à clef;" they have been adopted for general English usage. French magazines commonly employ American terms such as "skyscraper," "interview," and many others.—Ed.)

Home Is the Hunter

SIR:—I wonder if it would be possible for you to publish a word for me? I recently advertised in your "Personals" column for a home for a big dog, and I received so many answers, from so many people, from Georgia to Maine—and all such delightful letters—even one telegram—that I am not only overcome at the dogginess of your readers, but at the fact that there could be so much kindness for animals running loose. I am wholly incapable of answering all these letters, as I am a busy person, and a word in one of your corners would be a great kindness in acknowledging not only the responsiveness of your readers, but also the amazing drawing power of your column in some respects. The dog got a paradise of a home in Waterford, Connecticut, and wags his tail at you.

LESLIE LANGHAM.

Kings Park, N. Y.



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The Traveling Yorkshireman

RAIN UPON GODSHILL. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 308 pp. $3.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

MR. PRIESTLEY'S "further chapter of autobiography" ends with the following sentences concerning what he proposes to do next: "Perhaps I shall write a thoroughly egotistical book that will end by proving that the self is not real. And mean it too. And though nothing outwardly has changed and not so much inside, somehow I feel as if today I had come a long way and now come back home again, and so I feel better than I did this morning. Not a lot better, thanks, but distinctly a little better."

This reviewer feels distinctly a little worse after having read Mr. Priestley's reminiscent reflection, begun on a rainy morning at his country place above the village of Godshill on the Isle of Wight. Mr. Priestley has been through much, and hence his "vague unhappiness." He has been to Egypt, where he was bothered by the begging and the tipping. His plays—how often and how bitterly he tells it to us—have failed in America. (Of the second act of his "Time and the Conways," he writes, "Now this has been said to be one of the most brilliant second acts of all time.") He has suffered through a very hurried lecture tour in the Middle West. The wrong people, namely the Right People, are running England. New Orleans is a disappointment. The younger generation does not compare with the sturdy virtuous folk in the North Country family in which Mr. Priestley was brought up. The successful artist's life is hard. People bother one for autographs. Callous fools do not care to understand Mr. Priestley on the subject of Time.

I feel a little worse, but not because of these sad things. My depression comes from the disappointment at finding that "Rain upon Godshill" compares so unfavorably with "Midnight on the Desert," to which it is a kind of sequel. I expected more of the common sense, social concern, and evocative reporting of people and places that marked that admirable book. Reflective autobiography is a subtle and rewarding art when the reflection is important and the personality engaging. I regret to have to state that, though there are patches of penetrating observation and analysis, Mr. Priestley need not look forward to writing an egotistical book. He *has* written one in "Rain upon Godshill," and one offensively egotistical at that. There are pages and pages berating American critics for their insolent ignorance in not liking Mr. Priestley's plays. Why, they haven't even read Dunne on time! There is the usual irritated condescension to the Middle West, and a sheaf of generalizations based on a lecture tour of a month, spent, by his own account, largely in Pullmans. The universities of that region lack charm, which not even big lecture fees could induce our author to believe they possess. But he is prepared to believe there may be the seeds of a great culture some day, Plato in the cornfields. Especially if Gerald **Heard,** author of a confused and pompous tract called "The Third Morality," which Mr. Priestley oddly thinks to be great, stays in America. "America badly needs men of his kind." Englishmen in America depending on American newspapers and radio are "far from any accurate information." . . . Mr. Priestley never subscribes to a press-cutting service, but there are repeated references to what reviewers say about him, including his "charming naiveté" . . . Mr. Priestley is, he tells us, a good salad mixer, and without any fancy ingredients either, and he is practically the only Englishman who has any sense for good food.

Enough to indicate the source of my complaints, though it would be possible to go on for another column. Complaint is made not out of petulance but because when Mr. Priestley forgets himself (and the New York dramatic critics), as he does once in a while, he can write with uncommon good sense, if never with distinction. He can write on things that really matter, and on phases of existence, like the Arizona landscape, whose delight he delightfully conveys to the reader. What he has to say about the pluto-democracy of England that has not been a real democracy is tragically to the point. So, too, is his analysis of the passive and gadgety pleasures of the middle-class young who have no sense of community, rootedness, or a future. He has arresting things to say about time and about the mystical universal self in which separate selves in the deeper moments of art and love can find themselves by losing themselves. As a professional student of philosophy I must protest, however, that it is all outrageously amateur and loose. But it is serious in intention and suggestive in its intuitions. All these things are far more important and much more interesting than the discomforts of the self-imposed burden of a lecture tour, or the alleged ignorance and malice of the united New York dramatic critics when it comes to a consideration of Mr. Priestley's plays, which, by the way, almost everyone but Mr. Priestley has forgotten. Long ago he used to write some remarkably good essays in the English weeklies. There are echoes of that talent here, marred by petulance and the injured sense of being a neglected prophet and an unacknowledged dramatic genius who received adequate appreciation only in Holland, where he was made a proper fuss over such as benighted, Philistine England reserves only to sports heroes and Prime Ministers. Perhaps recent world events have given Mr. Priestley a sense of proportion.

Irwin Edman is the author of "Philosopher's Holiday."

J. B. Priestley and his family in Arizona.

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The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

AFTER TWELVE YEARS. By Michael A. Musmanno. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 415 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE familiarities of the past sometimes make incredible reading. Memory fades in relation to even pleasant things, and it oftens blackens out quite completely the details of events which were terrible. So this account of the trial and legal murder—I use the word soberly—of Sacco and Vanzetti more than twelve years ago makes incredible reading.

"I never knew, never heard, even read in history anything so cruel as this court," said Nicola Sacco as he was about to hear himself sentenced to death. So cruel, too, were the people of the state of Massachusetts because they were afraid, to quote that hauntingly beautiful message of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, of "a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler." The people of Massachusetts might well be more afraid now than they were twelve years ago, for the story of Sacco and Vanzetti will never die.

But why another book on the Sacco-Vanzetti case when, already, the record is completely available on the shelves of any good library? The case had been dragging on for seven long years when, in the spring of 1927, a young attorney from Pittsburgh, convinced that injustice had been done, volunteered his services. Until the two men were executed the following August, he gave most of his time to the desperate and futile attempts to obtain a new trial. He talked with them three and four times a week. He kept notes on his conversations with them and with the other many figures involved in the case. His name was Michael A. Musmanno and this is his book. At the present he is a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Pennsylvania.

Judge Musmanno writes of the Sacco-Vanzetti case as a lawyer for the defense, not a judge. And it may be said that certain parts of the book are damaged by his tendency to believe nearly every detail of the defense argument and to reject the case of the state quite completely. Yet how could anybody be impartial on examination or reëxamination of the evidence? Judge Musmanno analyzes most of it. He proves barbaric mendacity on the part of the prosecution. Into the witness chair filed a stream of witnesses incompetent and worse, and their garbled tales convicted two Italian radicals of a holdup and murder in South Braintree, Mass.

And yet from the mists of twelve years ago come recollections which bothered all but the most passionate and emotional believers in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti. Did not the highest courts of Massachusetts pass on their guilt and did not honest, sober men delay the irrevocable action for seven years so that no doubt could exist? This book answers that valid question. Did not expert testimony show that the bullet taken from the body of the slain paymaster fitted the revolver of one of the defendants? Judge Musmanno shows that it did nothing of the sort. Did not other honest men—the Lowell Commission which was headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard College—examine all the evidence and then unanimously decide for their guilt? Judge Musmanno makes it amply clear that the Lowell Commission was not free from prejudice, that the case was not clearly presented before it.

So there are two main reasons why another volume on the Sacco-Vanzetti case should have been written. Judge Musmanno resolves many, if not all, of those misty doubts. This is the first reason. The second is that his conversations with the prisoners add new knowledge, of outstanding value, regarding the two men and the terrible tragedy in which fate and prejudice entangled them. There is, perhaps, a third reason. Judge Musmanno's book is short, well-written, and exciting. It will be read by many who could not possibly digest the voluminous record of the case.

The final chapters are chapters of despair with faint, faint gleams of hope. It is hard, in retrospect, to realize the number of good and honest men who would do nothing. The President of the United States was silent, although there were several grounds on which Mr. Coolidge might have interfered. Chief Justice Taft, who might have acted, would not do so. And neither, even more amazingly, would Associate Justice Holmes.

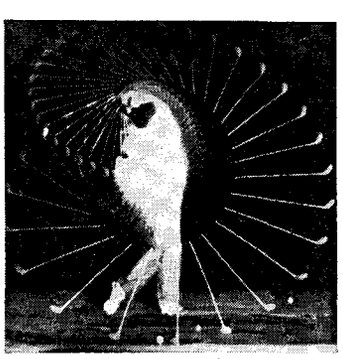
Physics and Life

ATOMS IN ACTION. By George Russell Harrison. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1939. 370 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

MATTER AND LIGHT. By Louis de Broglie. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. 300 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

IT is not always easily remembered, and particularly not at the moment, that in one aspect, that of modern science, the world today has a completely satisfying word to say for itself; in ideas, disinterestedness, and accomplishments its achievements relatively are little short of magical. This is splendidly illustrated, with respect to physics, by the books under review.



Harold E. Edgerton

A series of snapshots of a swinging golf club.

Mr. Harrison's book was written at the instance of the American Institute of Physics, and its substance was presented as Lowell Lectures in Boston in 1938 under the title "Modern Physics and Human Welfare." That title aptly defines its scope, which is the contribution of that science to everyday living. The field is roughly that of light industry, the telephone, radio, television, sound recording, photography, glass, and textiles. In this field it is a kind of guide-book to the exhibits of these industries at the World's Fair (New York and possibly San Francisco). But there is an introductory chapter on energy transmission, which gets into heavy industry, a chapter on farming, and a fond recital of the exploits of the spectroscope, Mr. Harrison's own field of work.

The story told is in every instance one of phenomenal accomplishment (which we now all too inertly take for granted) not only in the past but in the present moment; thus the coaxial cable and the ultra-short-wave transmission line now under research by the Bell System have their place in the story of the telephone, and Major Armstrong's scheme of broadcasting by frequency rather than amplitude modulation has its paragraph in the survey of radio. Perhaps of more importance for the lay reader than this up-to-dateness is the grace and facility of the writing, in connection with which it is appropriate to mention that Mr. Harrison is a namesake of the Irish poet AE.

M. de Broglie is the distinguished French physicist to whose acute in-

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tuition we owe the idea that waves and corpuscles are essential complimentary aspects of the nature of things, the idea for which he received the Nobel Prize in 1927. His prize essay is the heart of his book, which is devoted to exposing the idea in as many ways as possible, in relation to matter and electricity, to light and radiation, and finally to philosophy and metaphysics. There is in consequence a considerable degree of repetition, though perhaps not more than so strange and revolutionary a notion deserves. Throughout, the typically French easy simplicity and lucidity are maintained, which should make the book available to a wide public. There is a little mathematics (poorly explained and proof-read) but it is inessential to the understanding of this source-book of modern physics. M. de Broglie's lucent intelligence would be a joy at any time and is now.

Overlapping Two Eras

A VICTORIAN IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1939. 604 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by BRUCE BLIVEN

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD and I have lived too long. We have lived out of one era and into another, and we don't like it. Perhaps because he is two decades older than I am, he does not seem to be as unhappy about modern times as I am; or perhaps he suppresses some of his feeling in his autobiography, even though it is one of the frankest in a generation where frankness is the fashion.

Probably all men at all times have been nostalgic about their youth after reaching the time of life when, as Kipling said, the tides of the day have turned and are setting toward sunset; yet it is certainly true that—at the time—the world in which Hutchins Hapgood grew up, the world that ended on August 3, 1914, had a good deal in its favor. The illusion of progress was still strong; "evolution" was supposed to be working with the stars in their courses and with "science" to bring the millennium very soon, almost any day. Nearly all the bright young men were socialists, and while there was factionalism on the Left even then, the quarrels were few and unimportant. Depressions had been witnessed, but within the memory of that generation they had been brief, lasting only a few months, and the worst brunt had been borne by a comparatively small number of factory workers in the larger cities. A world war was really "unthinkable"—to say nothing of two of them. There was a good deal of talk that there would never be any more fighting at all, except of course on India's Northwest Frontier; even the socialists, who sometimes spoke darkly of the capitalists' going to war to save themselves, didn't really believe it.

Into this world came Hutchins Hapgood, one of three brilliant brothers, son of an unusual father. His patrimony was not large but sufficient so that he could quit work for a year whenever he wished, or could discard a disagreeable job. Having money back of you makes an enormous difference, especially on the fringes of journalism. His health while not robust was good enough. He had an enormous interest in sensory experience, particularly alcohol and sex. He married and raised a family (he now formally admits the authorship of "The Story of a Lover," a sincere effort at self-revelation and a mildly scandalous success of twenty years ago). He traveled widely, knew masses of artists and writers, most of them radicals. He was attracted by philosophic anarchism and by the labor movement when it was far more inchoate than it is now, writing books about it that performed a useful service in introducing progressive ideas gently into bourgeois minds. Europe has been as familiar to him as America, and through his story marches an extraordinary company, about equally composed of well-known writers, painters, sculptors, and of ladies of the gutter, in whom he repeatedly made the discovery of simple, homely virtues.

Mr. Hapgood's title will be misunderstood by many who associate "Victorian" with prudishness. In the author's mind, it is justified because he

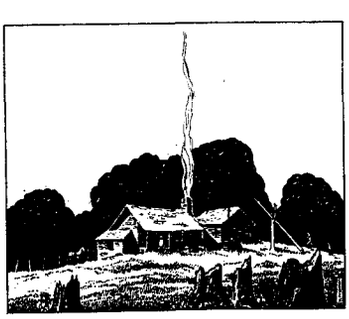
York State Pioneers

IN THOSE DAYS. By Prentiss Mournian. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLYDE BRION DAVIS

MISS MOURNIAN'S book is not a novel. Strictly speaking, it is not a history. It is a collection of anecdotes bound loosely to a sort of historical continuity, relating events at the time of the New Hampshire land grants, at the time of the American Revolution, and the War of 1812 in northern New York State, and of frontier life in general.

The narrative is told, supposedly, in the words of Hiram Reynolds, centenarian, who died a couple of years ago in San Diego, California. He retails the stories told him by his father and by his grandparents with intimate household details. He tells of the bitterness between the Vermonters and the York Staters before the revolution, of the bitterness between the American settlers and tories and Canadians, and the fear of varmints, Indians, and raids by Butler's Rangers. And all through the book there is such a vividness and sense of authenticity that the reader finds it difficult to come back to the twentieth century when he has closed the book on the final adventure of Hiram Reynolds's Grandpa Miers.



From the jacket of "In Those Days"

In a foreword Mrs. Mournian tells of her interviews with the aged Hiram Reynolds over a period of years, gaining details and color for his own boyhood story and those of his father and grandfathers. But she confesses, also, that most of her material was gained by independent research and was placed in the mouth of her narrator as a matter of expediency. Well, she did a good job. She did a splendid job.

One obvious criticism may well be picayunish, but Mrs. Mournian writes so well and has such a superb sense of idiomatic speech, it is too bad she resorted to phonetic spelling in unquoted narrative. The reader, however, forgets this minor annoyance once he gets into this vivid story—or series of stories.

Perhaps the reader has regarded the Indian chief, Red Jacket, as a dignified statesman capable of such logic and eloquence as to move even the white man to his way of thinking. Well, when Hiram Reynolds refers to Red Jacket as something of a drunken rascal, the buildup has been so plausible the reader is inclined to accept this new appraisal.

The book is full enough of humor and humanness and drama to make your hair curl. It includes a personal Devil who walks, followed by a coterie of witches. It is not a long book, but there's everything in it—except dirty words and love.

Clyde Brion Davis is the author of "The Anointed" and "Nebraska Coast."

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At Provincetown, 1916: Hutchins Hapgood (rear, with straw hat) with Susan Glaspell, Mary Heaton Vorse, and others.

cannot take sex as casually as does the younger generation (or one or two of the younger generations) that have succeeded him. He kisses and tells, so it seems, on almost every page.

A lot of the radicals in this book are very queer people. You might think some light would be thrown on the old question: Do radicals become queer? Or do queer people become radicals? On the whole, Mr. Hapgood's evidence seems to support the latter view, but the test is not conclusive. All his life he has had a taste for odd characters; if he couldn't accumulate them any other way, a few days of heavy drinking in waterfront saloons have usually helped. Of his friends, whether famous or not, he speaks frankly. If he avoids libel suits, it will be because his revelations about himself are even more extreme than about anyone else. I started to write "even worse," but that would be an error; although he speaks of himself as a sinner, he doesn't really mean it. He believes that life is good, that one's instincts are healthy and normal and deserve gratification, and he looks back from seventy with few personal regrets, except that he didn't learn to drive a car and to dance, until he had passed the half-century mark.

I am inclined to think on the basis of evidence here presented that Mr. Hapgood would have been a better man without his inherited income. He would have come closer to grips with life, might even have played an important role in the labor movement as his nephew, Powers Hapgood, has done. He might thus have avoided the ambivalence which divided him between the workers, radicalism, hard-working journalism, on one side and travel abroad, the pursuit of art and pretty women on the other. But the author himself would probably disagree with me.

What They Read during the Last War

(*Continued from page* 4)

stroy the British navy and reduce Great Britain to a second class power, smash France, and dominate North Africa as well as the European continent. This was such meat for Wellington House's purposes that it was translated and issued in three sections as three different books, "Germany and the Next War," "How Germany Makes War," and "Britain as Germany's Vassal." Professor Peterson says Wellington House distributed these books "throughout the United States by the millions." This is probably exaggeration: George H. Doran published the trade editions of Bernhardi and the sales were not spectacularly large. More effective for propaganda purposes undoubtedly was Wellington House's sponsored editions of Treitzschke's quasi-philosophical works, one edition of which carried an introduction by the British Prime Minister, Arthur James Balfour, and a foreword by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

The Germans meanwhile were busy with propaganda also; but, says Professor Peterson,

> They [the Germans] were seldom able to charm foreigners to the extent of making them openly advocate the German cause. The personal appeal of Edward Grey and other Englishmen was beyond their comprehension. Indeed, many of them were personally offensive. At no time did they appeal to the fundamental emotions of hate, fear, love or vanity. They did not evoke sentiment; they did not weep over women and children; they did not develop a villain among their enemies, nor a hero among themselves. They did not even create a martyr. Their truculent attitude actually created enmity rather than friendliness.

Curiously enough the general trend and character of American literature, both in the field of popular romance and the more important works of the imagination, remained for some time almost totally unaffected by the war. Escape literature was generally preferred (only one American war book had any conspicuous trade sale during 1914: Doubleday, Page's "War Manual," which sold 265,000 copies in less than two months after the outbreak of the war), and even among war books the first one to enjoy a vast popular demand, Ian Hay's "The First Hundred Thousand," was one which treated war as a gay, light-hearted, and amusing adventure. In fact it was not until the publication of Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire" (1916) that we were able to get the realistic treatment of war to be found in the post-war books, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Enormous Room," "Three Soldiers," and, much later, "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Death of a Hero," "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," "The Good Soldier Schweik," "A Man Could Stand Up," "The Book of Martyrs," "The Secret Battle," "The Squad," and "A Farewell to Arms." The war books enjoyed during the war and, in particular during our participation in it, were either books which treated the war lightly and even frivolously, such as "Over the Top," by Arthur Guy Empey, Valloten's "Potterat and the War," Edward Streeter's "Dere Mable," and Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoon pictures of Old Bill and Alf,—or books of serious questioning, such as Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and "Joan and Peter" and Romain Rolland's powerful pacifist plea, "Above the Battle."

For a limited public, seeking information about the history of the nations involved and the political issues at stake, there was a constant stream of well-documented volumes. Also there were books of memoirs and of letters from the front which found an appreciative public.

In America the revolt against the "genteel tradition," remarked in Van Wyck Brooks's "America's Coming of Age" (1915), had occurred before 1914. In fact, the unfortunate effects of Brooks's conservative predilections, Puritan repressions, and Harvard training, made the title of his book about the only thing in it which was pertinent to, or significant of, the growing up of an American literature that was indigenous in character and idiom and yet was fully aware of, and partaking of, the influences of cosmopolitan literature. While celebrating an event, Brooks was vaguely resentful of it; he not only flogged dead horses but acted as birchman, in a shadow-boxing sort of way, to the phantom backsides of men who were far from his sphere of influence.

Before 1914, Chicago was the literary center of America, not New York or Boston; and by Chicago I mean the Middle-West of which Chicago was the metropolis; for few of the writers associated with the Chicago Literary Renaissance, so-called, were either native Chicagoans or even residents of Chicago; they came from regions about Chicago—Stephen Crane, George Ade, Peter Finley Dunne, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Opie Read, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, Hamlin Garland, and, later, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, William Allen White, Ed Howe, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Ben Hecht, Floyd Dell, Marquis James, Harry Hansen, Bert Leston Taylor, Keith Preston,

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Richard Atwater, Henry Justin Smith, and a host of poets who were gathered under the proud wing of Harriet Monroe.

But, ever since the days of Herbert Stone and the "Chap Book" (which published translations of Mallarmé and Verlaine and kept itself keyed to developments in Continental European literature), Chicago had developed a far less isolated, ingrown, provincial, and second-hand culture than had New York and Boston. There must have been something fructifying in the air out there, because no sooner had President William Rainey Harper inveigled such brilliant young Harvard men as William Vaughan Moody, Robert Herrick, and Robert Morss Lovett to join the staff of his new but promising Chicago University than these three men blossomed out with literary productions far different in character, one is bound to suppose, from anything they would have written if they stayed in the East,—Moody with "The Great Divide," Herrick with "Together," and Lovett with "The Winged Victory." Francis Hackett, on leaving the *Chicago Evening Post* for the newly created *New Republic,* bequeathed a challenging literary page to Floyd Dell, Lucius and Augusta Cary, and Llewellyn Jones; Henry Blackman Sell created a literary page in *The Chicago Daily News,* following my introduction of a rather obstreperous but newsworthy literary section in *The Chicago Tribune;* and the Misses Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap started the provocative *Little Review* with Ezra Pound as European correspondent and with such contributors as Rémy de Gourmont, James Joyce, John Cowper Powys, Havelock Ellis, Sherwood Anderson, and Ben Hecht.

Moreover, in the East, the men and the publications which were to leave their impress upon the literature that was to be, were not the well established older publications but *The Smart Set,* under Willard Huntington Wright and later under H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan; *The Forum* under Mitchell Kennerley; *The Liberator* and *The Masses* under Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Art Young, and John Reed; and *The Dial* (moved from Chicago) under Randolph Bourne, John Dewey, and Van Wyck Brooks. On Nov. 7, 1914, the first issue of *The New Republic* appeared under the editorship of Herbert Croly, Philip Littell, Walter E. Weyle, Walter Lippmann, Francis Hackett, and Charlotte Rudyard; but, although the *N.R.* was to exercise a considerable force in American thought, its interests were, at first, plangently social and political, so much so that the magnificently sharpened observations of Frank Moore Colby and the charmingly ironical animadversions of Phillip Littell went comparatively unnoticed in pages devoted to the Colorado coal miners' strike, birth control, the emancipation of women, Henry Ford's economics, Vera Cruz, and the war. The first notable literary event in the *N.R.* was Theodore Dreiser's article on W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" (December 25, 1915), and the second was H. G. Wells's review of James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (March 10, 1917), in which Wells said, "It is a book to buy and read and lock up, but it is not a book to miss. Its claim to be literature is as good as the claim of the last book of 'Gulliver's Travels'." And, of course for the youth of the period the great proctor in modern European culture of all sorts, at the time, was that steeple-jack of the five arts, as he liked to call himself, James Gibbon Huneker, whose writings in various newspapers and magazines on music, painting, drama, literature, and the personalities in each, were collected by him from time to time and issued in books published by Scribners.

So, inasmuch as American literature had already come of age in 1914, there was no perceptible change in the trend, except that, when we got into the war in 1917, the Poetic Renaissance seemed abruptly to come to an end. At least it petered out. But 1914—1915—1916 were eventful years in American poetry: they saw the publication of Robert Frost's "North of Boston," Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology," Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo," "The Imagist Anthology," Amy Lowell's "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds," Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Man Against the Sky," Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems," Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence," and "Others: An Anthology of New Poetry," with the work of Kreymborg, Aiken, Fletcher, Eliot, Stevens, Oppenheim, Bynner, Ficke, Teasdale, Bodenheim, and a host of others. Poetry magazines flourished and even books of commentaries on poetry were in demand.

The war poems, quoted by everybody, however, were: "I Have a Ren-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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What They Read during the Last War

(*Continued from page* 14)

dezvous with Death," by Alan Seeger (1916); John Masefield's "August, 1914"; Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and John McCrae's "In Flanders' Fields." Two lines at least of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" were universally familiar at the time; so to the list of war poets must be added Kilmer's name, not from the fact that he wrote any notable war poetry but because his early death in the war enshrined him as the hero who had written "Trees."

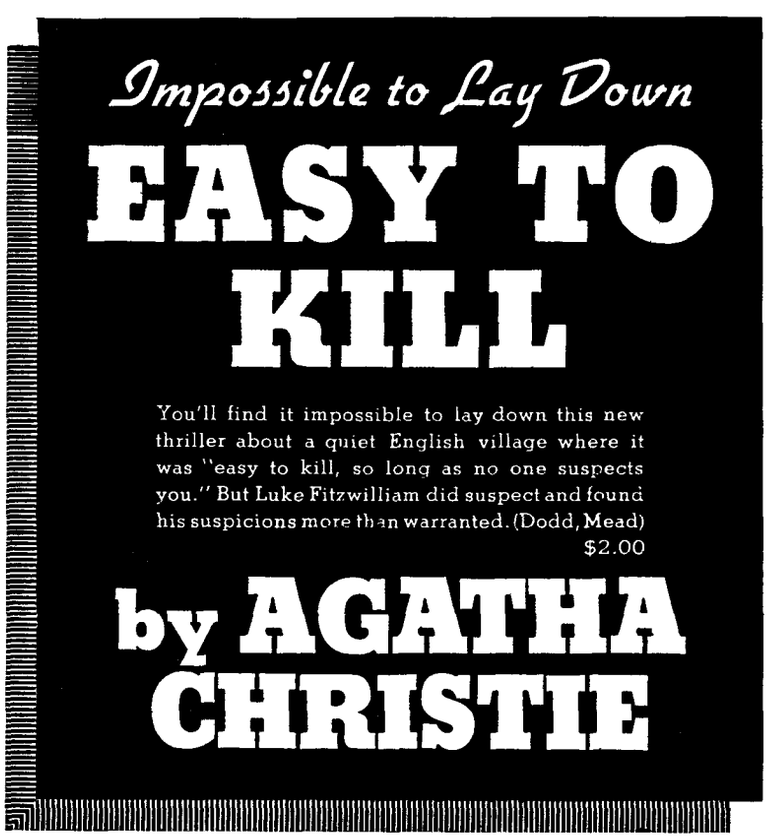
Serious reading of those books which had specifically to do with the war was manifest in the wide popularity of such books as Frances Huard's "My Home on the Field of Honor," Edith Wharton's "French Ways and Their Meaning" (written to offset popular notions that the French are frivolous and immoral; and today one of the soundest expositions of French psychology that has ever been written); Agnes Repplier's "Counter Currents," and the fine and solid descriptive works of H. W. Nevinson.

The Irish Literary Renaissance had preceded the war, and American readers had already taken to their hearts Yeats, Synge, Dunsany, Moore, "AE," Colum, and Stephens, as well as the work of the Irish revolutionary poets. James Stephens's famous novel, "The Crock of Gold," was published in England and Ireland in 1912 but, owing to Stephens's generous, leprechaun nature in signing contracts with two different American publishers for the same book on the theory that anybody should have his work who wanted it, it was not published in America until 1914. It received enthusiastic reviews everywhere and found a large, immediate, and continuing audience.

Joseph Conrad was not really "discovered" in America until Robert H. Davis published "Victory" serially in *Munsey's Magazine* in 1914; but Conrad had a small, devoted audience which grew into satisfactory numbers later. "Chance" appeared in 1914; "Victory" (in book form) and "Within the Tides" the following year. During the first two years of war William McFee published "Aliens" and "Casuals of the Sea"; Galsworthy published "The Freelands"; James Barrie, "The Admirable Crichton" (1914); Cunninghame Graham, "Scottish Stories" (1914); John Buchan, "Greenmantle," Dorothy Richardson, "Pointed Roofs," Francis Brett Young, "The Dark Tower," H. G. Wells, "The Research Magnificent," and George Bernard Shaw, "Fanny's First Play" (all 1915). In 1916 the sensation of the year was Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights"; but that year also saw the publication of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" and "Pygmalion," George Moore's "The Brook Kerith," Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," Hugh Walpole's "The Dark Forest," Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire," and H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." In 1917 came Norman Douglas's "South Wind" and Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne" as the only two considerable books from England; but that year saw the publication in America of Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border," Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Three Black Pennys," H. L. Mencken's "A Book of Prefaces," James Branch Cabell's "The Cream of the Jest," and Stuart P. Sherman's "On Contemporary Literature." In 1918 D. H. Lawerence emerged with "New Poems" and during the war he published "The Rainbow," which was promptly suppressed and publicly burned by the British censors. Barrie published "Echoes of War," the collected work of Rupert Brooke was issued, H. G. Wells published "Joan and Peter," W. H. Hudson published "Far Away and Long Ago," John Drinkwater saw the production of his "Abraham Lincoln," and the sensation of the year was Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," followed closely on the heels by another sensation, "The Education of Henry Adams." In 1919 the books published in America which were to give their authors sound reputations were William Beebe's "Jungle Peace," Willa Cather's "My Antonia," and Christopher Morley's "Shandygaff." The trend against the "genteel tradition" was revived in the same year with the publication of Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen," and H. L. Mencken's "The American Language."

During the war period 1914-1918, three "sports" occurred in the *genus* literature. In 1914 esoteric literature took sensational place in the newspaper Sunday supplements and afforded the satiric paragraphers material for scores of squibs when Gertrude Stein's "Tender Buttons" appeared. Then, under the imprint of an obscure Parisian publisher, came the first volume of Marcel Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past"; and, in Trieste, James Joyce set to work on "Ulysses." The battle for complete freedom of literary expression was not finally won in America until the courts freed "Ulysses" from the censors' ban, which hitherto had fallen upon Dreiser's "The Genius" and Cabell's "Jurgen," but the seeds of revolt against a prim, protected, hot-house literature had been planted as long ago as the nineties.

If the precedent of the last war is anything to go on, not only will the book business enjoy a boom, but the period of war will be one of gestation and accouchement of many books of perdurable worth. Many of the books that appeared during the war which have been generally considered permanent additions to literature had nothing to do with the war or at least did not have the war as theme or background.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The New Books

Fiction

OUR ERNIE. By Alice Hegan Rice. Appleton-Century. 1939. 234 *pp.* $2.

Alice Hegan Rice will always be the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" to the reading public. That story of that down-at-heels but up-at-heart family life made the whole country laugh when it first appeared and has kept readers looking for another one like it ever since. "Our Ernie" is not that other, although it has some of the homely humor and some of the sharp wit expected from it. Our Ernie is a son of the Bossel family, and he has an unrestrainable knack of being at the center of excitement. If there is no excitement at the center when he gets there you may be sure it won't be long until there is. His first, and extremely successful, exploit is getting rid of an unwelcome stepmother, and after this adventure in un-marrying his father his thoughts quite naturally turn to marrying himself. That is a longer and more complicated endeavor and includes getting a job and generally carrying on through a vain attempt to marry "sensibly" and bringing to book an international spy ring. The funniest scenes are in the daily life of the Bossels and their friends, and the least credible ones are those which show Ernie hot-foot after the scheming villain.

G. G.

THE RICH MAN. By Alex Brinchmann. Dutton. 1939. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

A parable rather than a novel, this story has so bare a skeleton and so patent a moral that characters and incidents never attain much life of their own. Victor Palm is a rich Norwegian industrialist, a self-made man who decides that his wife and children were spiritually healthier when they were poor. To save their souls, consequently, he determines to become poor again. Palm is Everyman and therefore nobody in particular, so the reader remains unmoved by his worry over his family, his efforts to lose his money, always resulting in his winning more, or his sudden ruin after he had given up the idea of ruining himself. The only surprise is when Palm discovers that his children are unharmed by his wealth, and that he alone needs assistance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mr. Brinchmann writes simply and pleasantly, but he cannot make Palm real as a person or his quandary exciting.

K. S.

Miscellaneous

HOW TO WIN WHAT YOU WANT. By Kenneth Goode. Prentice-Hall. 1939. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

"Offers," says the blurb, "a boiled-down collection of labor-saving, sure-fire short-cuts to practical success." For example: *"Focus the goal:* bull-eye *all* immediate objectives into a *single* goal." *Deliver from within*—by physical and emotional self-operation —the greatest *power* your person is capable of producing." *"Reduce*—by strenuously advantageous presentation of your project—resistance from without." Italics and expressions the author's, including the use of "bull-eye" as a verb.

These clotted idiocies are continually being delivered upon the public in a variety of columns, whose admonitions can always be reduced to the same single statement — determine definitely what you want and make people give it to you. If any considerable portion of that public both read and acted upon this urgings to make the individual will the arbiter of destiny, we should probably turn into a nation of vest-pocket Hitlers.

Fortunately, the prospect seems remote; the typical reader of this form of literature appears to be a rooming-house youth trying to screw up courage enough to ask for a raise from the boss or a date from the blonde in the next office. The present example is better than most by reason of containing a large number of anecdotes. Most of them, it is true, have already been told many times, but will still do for telling at a salesman's conference where methods of reducing resistance from without are discussed.

F. P.

FATHERS ARE FUNNY. By Frederic F. Van de Water. John Day. 1939. 163 *pp.* $2.

Although the chances are that Mr. Van de Water's book will not be accepted as such, it is an extremely important social document. Mr. Van de Water has set out to establish the position of the father in modern civilization and has arrived at the inevitable, but universal, conclusion that the father has no position in modern civilization. In fact, the implication is inescapable that perhaps modern life would be a lot better off without fathers.

Mr. Van de Water's thesis is based largely on his own experience as a father. For the most part, it takes the form of an address to his son, in which the author describes the Carpathian wilderness which has characterized his status of fatherhood. It seems he was waylaid along all fronts, and emerged from one trap only to become entangled in another. Fatherhood for Mr. Van de Water was merely a prolonged period of the most shattering frustration.

It is not necessary to have the author's twenty years of paternal experience to understand what he is driving at, or to share his belief in the essential futility of the position. Nor does the sex of the child (a boy in Mr. Van de Water's case) have any bearing on the situation. You are listening to the father of a 13-week old daughter, clamoring for help and wildly treading water as he goes down for the third time.

R. S.

The first book to tell the truth about Soviet Russia —the book of which Dorothy Thompson said: "Of all books on Russia written by Americans thus far, this seems to me the most important, and the most moving."

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by Laurence E. Schmeckebier

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Sigrid Undset's Essays

MEN, WOMEN AND PLACES. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

NO one who has known and loved Sigrid Undset through "Kristin Lavransdatter" will want to ignore this volume. For although it may be doubted if these nine essays would have been collected and published in this country but for her great novel, they cannot fail to interest those who felt the compelling force of the vigorous personality behind that scholarly and poetic trilogy of medieval Norway. Each of the nine reflects something of that personality; all but three—those concerned with literary subjects—bear the clear imprint of the Catholic faith and reiterate the author's absorption in the past.

The first essay—it is titled "Blasphemy"—is a pungent attack on spiritualism, based mainly on Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" and the Norwegian writings of Judge Dahl. The spiritualists' desire to project for eternity all things they have found pleasant on earth, Sigrid Undset finds childish and distasteful. But her main objection to the cult is that it is confused by its adherents with religion. "The problem whether we survive death or not is not in itself necessarily one of religious interest—the point is *how* we survive it." For her, religion is concerned wholly with the relation of the soul with God; all other matters are irrelevant, and, when claimed as religious, even "blasphemous."

Of the three essays devoted to literary criticism, one is a keen appreciation of D. H. Lawrence's complex soul ("His knowledge of humanity is boundless. His knowledge of other persons than D. H. Lawrence is a great deal less"); one concerns the writings of Marie Bregendahl, whom she declares to be "an unrivaled child-psychologist"; and one the trilogy "Das Alte Dorf," by Leo Weismantle, of which she says it is "so rich and valuable a work that all who wish to be acquainted with recent German literature must be advised not on any account to overlook it." Three essays give the stories of English Catholics of the past.

The book is completed with accounts of two vacation trips. The one to the Swedish island, Gotland, is the more interesting of the two, perhaps because to us the prehistory Swedish legends are less familiar than those of King Arthur, which took her to Glastonbury.

All told these essays will add nothing to Sigrid Undset's reputation in America. Nevertheless they make pleasant reading, they evidence again her skill in recreating persons and places long since past, and they confirm our respect for both the woman and the author. To Catholics they will have a very special appeal.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q's vacation was marked by wishful thinking (and thoughtful wishing) rather than by books. ☞Neither of the former are necessarily to be sneered at. ☞Of his reading, he remembers with pleasure the sonnets of Hilaire Belloc, insufficiently known. They were republished not long ago by Sheed and Ward; in the same volume is a touching ballad about the Polish shrine of Czestochowa. ☞In the grim suspense a few weeks ago we revisited also a superb sonnet by Belloc called *September,* which recalls the tragedies of September, 1870. ☞Another homage to France was paid in reading the address ("Discours de Recéption") made by M. André Maurois on entering the French Academy last June. This was kindly sent us by a reader in Rome. We wondered whether it would be possible, in Nazi Germany, to find any writing so urbane, so adept, so civilized. ☞It was interesting to note, in Rauschning's *Revolution of Nihilism* (which deserves and is getting wide reading) how Herr Rauschning changed his mind about Britain and France when adding his postscript passages. Compare, for instance, pp. 195 and 283. ☞Symbolic of the present Semi-Finals, we are carrying as pocket piece a broken fragment of stained glass from Chartres Cathedral, one of the scraps left over when the windows were replaced in 1919.

☞One of Old Q's fancies has always been to write a book about old R.R. Stations, which are often most revealing fortresses of American taste. In his ambit he found himself studying the depot at Canaan, Conn., and specially admiring its weathervane made in the likeness of an oldtime locomotive. ☞Mr. Edwin Finney, freight agent at Canaan and a R.R. man since 1882, told us that the station at Canaan was completed in 1871, and the citizens were so pleased they subscribed $150 for the bronze vane as an ornament. The vane was designed at the Housatonic R.R.'s own shops at Falls Village, a few miles away, and represented the famous old engine *Antelope,* built as a wood-burner about 1851. Later she was converted to a coal burner (with a diamond stack instead of a bell stack) and renamed *W. H. Barnum.* ☞The vane was repaired in 1930, but Mr. Finney regrets that in the restoration the domes (which had been of wood, and were baldy weatherworn) were altered to a more modern shape. ☞Canaan Union Station was originally the junction of the Housatonic R.R. and the Hartford & Connecticut Western. If our book ever gets compiled it will certainly rate a picture, together with other treasures such as the old shed in Toledo and the wonderful chalet at Oyster Bay.

☞There was some argument here, how old is broccoli. Mary Johnston of MacMurray College (Jacksonville, Illinois) finds allusions to that vegetable in 1765, 1794, and 1831. These are in Parson Cole's Paris Diary, in Woodforde's *Diary of a Country Parson,* and in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers.* ☞Bobbs Merrill, inspired by *Pathways of Our Presidents* by Floyd McMurray, issues a questionnaire of White House oddities. From this we learn that the President who "cherished old love letters until his death" was also the only bachelor President; *viz.* Buchanan. ☞There are more Passion Fruit enthusiasts than we had realized. Bruce Rogers says he used to get it "at the lunch counter under the stairs at the western end of Grand Central Station." ☞But what Mr. Rogers really hankers for is a Conch Cocktail, which he says he found in Nassau but nowhere else. ☞Letters going out from Harcourt

by JOHN O'HARA

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CORPSE WITH THE RED-HEADED FRIEND *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Mr. Tolefree, commissioned to shadow enigmatic lady in Brittany, returns to Britain and finds commissioner murdered.	Extremely neat job of deduction, with detective matching wits with keen old lawyer and riddling some splendid alibis.	Admirable
THE BLACK GLOVES *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Strange noises in long-closed suburban house alarm daughter of family, who makes two gruesome discoveries and pilots cops to killer.	Sprightly dialogue and antics of Mack Sennettish sleuth take grisly edge off rather horribly executed and motivated crimes.	Very good
EASY TO KILL *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Sequence of "accidental" deaths in English hamlet perturbs retired sleuth Fitzwilliam who pries into lives of sundry very odd fish.	Dunder-headed detective and far-fetched finish pretty nearly spoil story that has authentic Christie touch in the characterizations.	Irritating
RED GARDENIAS *Jonathan Latimer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Several members of wealthy family monoxidized; Bill Crane, assisted by Ann Fortune, goes through hell and high firewater to identify gasser.	Not too credible plot camouflaged by action, alcohol, and atmosphere, with sleuths wisecracking ribald way through various dangers.	Amusing
THE OLD MUST DIE *Audrey Gaines* (Crowell: $2.)	Somebody stuck paperknife in grandma—who richly deserved it. Nurse and rotund private 'tec solve Alexandrian (Va.) family tragedies.	Answer to problem telegraphed pretty early in story. Good characterizations and epic villainy of major murderee keep it going strong.	Agreeable
THE CASE OF MR. CASSIDY *Wm. Targ* and *Lewis Herman* (Phoenix: $2.)	Fatal slashing of Chicago book collector and secretary charged up to captured maniac by all but sloppy sleuth Hugh Morris.	Bubbling over with local color, fantastic characters, lurid writing, and extremely odd detecting. Somehow it doesn't jell.	Pooh!

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Brace in August were being rubber-stamped COMING—THE WAR YEARS, as preliminary enthusiasm for Carl Sandburg's new Lincoln volumes. This was abandoned when the double entendre was noticed, but one such happened to come to Morley Kennerley's desk at Faber & Faber's on the 1st of September. ☞Mr. Kennerley replied that they were well aware of the fact, and described how the coal cellars of 24 Russell Square had been shovelled out and whitewashed for air raid refugees. ☞The autumn *Virginia Quarterly* prints a poem by the late A. E. Housman, ironically apropos today.

☞It is good news to hear that four new titles have been added to the marsupial Pocket Books (25c.). The first ten volumes, issued last June, have sold some half a million copies. Of the new little wallabies we like best the volume of short stories by de Maupassant. Next after the immortal *Boule de Suif* (which we were reproached for reading when quite young) our favorite of the shorts is *How He Got the Legion of Honor.* We think of it whenever we see dignified gentlemen with lapel-rosettes. ☞It was that story, by the way, that made probably the earliest suggestion of perambulating book-wagons. ☞It belongs on the same shelf of ironical humor with the deplorable episode of Abu Hasan in the *Arabian Nights*; which if you scourge us for recalling, blame Mr. Bennett Cerf, its Modern Library editor. ☞The Modern Library, by the way, has recently adopted a slightly larger size and new binding. Some students still have a faint nostalgia for the old civet aroma of the original 1919 format. The post-war generation of that era got its first culture with that castor-oil perfume attached. ☞*The Bookseller* (London) suggests Air Raid Libraries, selected titles "which may be regarded as a counter-offensive to reality," to be parked for emergency in the domestic bombproof shelter "with an electric torch and a set of Harbutt's ear-plugs." Two of the titles suggested are *Uncle Fred in the Springtime* and *The Diary of a Nobody.*

☞Teachers and students in Philadelphia and its educational environs lost a good friend by the death of Frank McGrath of Leary's famous secondhand store. Mr. McGrath had been with Leary's textbook department for 43 years. Many an alumnus of the colleges in that region bought from Frank McGrath the books that he still most cherishes.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 286)

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Double-Crostics: No. 287

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

				1-D	2-U	3-V	4-P	5-X		6-L	7-S		8-T	9-J	10-G	
11-Q	12-V	13-B	14-W	15-X	16-S	17-P		18-Y	19-W	20-J	21-Q	22-I		23-E	24-P	25-F
26-N	27-W		28-S	29-F		30-A	31-M	32-G		33-V	34-T	35-W	36-M	37-L	38-Y	39-B
40-D	41-S	42-Q		43-Q	44-X	45-W	46-T		47-I		48-M	49-T	50-W	51-L		52-H
53-S		54-R	55-Q	56-W	57-B		58-N	59-O	60-H		61-U	62-G	63-V		64-O	65-V
66-V		67-G	68-O	69-B	70-M		71-H	72-J	73-T		74-Q	75-T	76-I	77-L	78-N	
79-I	80-H	81-S		82-T	83-Q	84-S	85-R	86-M		87-K	88-B	89-Y	90-P	91-F	92-N	93-T
	94-E	95-F	96-C	97-H	98-L		99-W	100-U	101-K	102-H		103-C	104-M	105-L		106-T
107-P	108-X	109-O		110-U	111-Q	112-F	113-R	114-N	115-B	116-A		117-G	118-P	119-K	120-O	121-C
	122-I	123-M	124-R	125-D		126-J	127-C	128-A		129-W	130-D	131-C		132-K	133-X	134-P
135-M	136-B	137-C	138-E	139-J		140-I	141-E	142-O	143-A	144-C		145-U	146-R	147-P	148-I	
149-O	150-T	151-A		152-K	153-U	154-X	155-Q		156-I	157-K	158-L	159-C		160-G	161-C	
162-J	163-E		164-Y	165-H	166-S	167-B	168-W	169-G		170-F	171-E	172-A		173-C	174-E	175-H

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Llewellyn's hound (Welsh legend.)

B. 15th Century English Morality play.

C. Opposed to the Black and Tans (comp.)

D. Of heroic scale or mold.

E. Industrial magnates (colloq.)

F. Midday luncheon.

G. Frenzied, enraged.

H. Not arbitrary.

I. Squirrel of Yggdrasill.

J. New York City.

K. Tricksy.

L. Peer Gynt's faithful love.

M. Timorous to excess.

N. Old-womanish.

O. Heathen (early Christian use.)

P. Certainly (2 words, colloq.)

Q. Jargon.

R. Heroine of "The Lady of the Lake."

S. Intermittently (3 wds.)

T. Maturity (comp.)

U. Jehovah.

V. Offer a higher price than.

W. Not affronted.

X. Arid and hot.

Y. One of a Shoshonean tribe of Pueblo Indians.

WORDS

116 151 143 128 172 30

69 136 57 13 167 39 88 115

144 137 121 173 131 127 96 103 161 159

130 125 40 1

141 163 23 171 174 138 94

95 91 170 29 25 112

160 32 169 117 10 62 67

175 80 97 52 165 60 102 71

148 79 156 76 22 47 140 122

139 72 126 9 20 162

101 152 87 119 132 157

37 6 98 77 105 158 51

48 31 86 123 70 135 36 104

58 92 114 26 78

64 109 59 149 142 120 68

147 90 4 134 107 17 24 118

42 55 11 74 155 21 111 43 88

146 85 54 124 113

84 7 53 166 41 81 28 16

106 73 34 46 93 75 49 82 8 150

153 61 2 110 100 145

65 12 63 33 3 66

45 14 35 56 99 19 50 27 168 129

133 44 154 108 15 5

18 38 164 89

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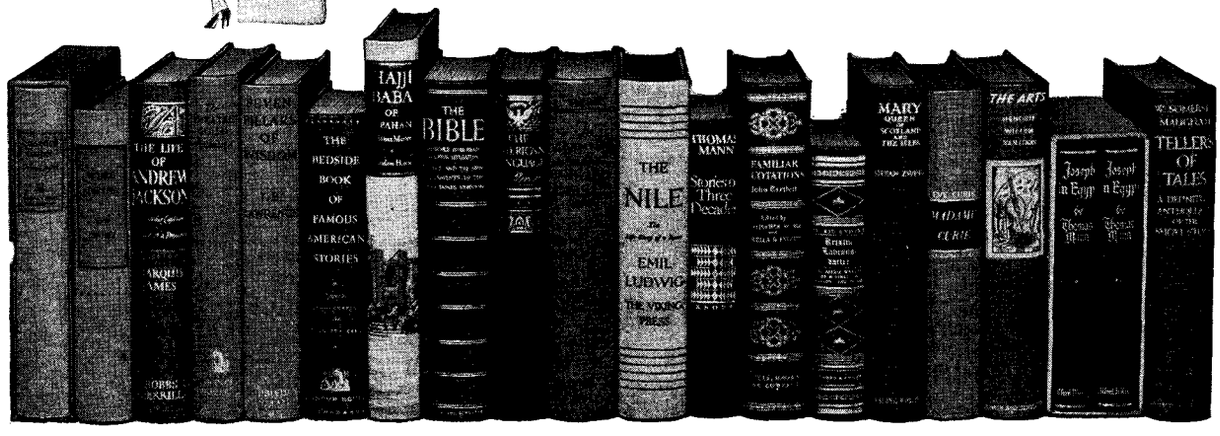

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Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication.* If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse in bookstores as always, but now do it more intelligently; you know what to look for. The upshot is that you do actually buy and read the new books you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

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These book-dividends really represent a unique and remarkable system of profit-sharing. The explanation is that so many of the Club's members ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production is large enough to enable the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among the Club's members—*one for every two books-of-the-month you buy.* The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value.

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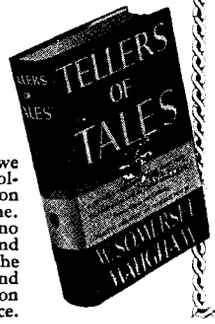

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